

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



"TELL ME THE WORST, DENIS."

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—DANBY LODGE.

THE political state of the American provinces in the year preceding the Declaration of Independence has scarcely its parallel in the history of any other country. While the New England troops were successfully fighting his Britannic Majesty's forces, and taking possession of his Majesty's forts

and stores in every direction—while the Continental Congress were commissioning their officers, and making arrangements to increase their military resources—public men from Maine to Georgia talked of allegiance to the British crown, and indissoluble connection with the British Kingdom. Governors with royal letters patent from England, and commanders appointed by the congress in Philadelphia, came at each other's heels; the municipalities through whose territories they passed paid them

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equal honours, and lived in dread of their simultaneous arrival—a contingency which would have been embarrassing, but either by good chance or good guiding, it never happened. The governors exhorted the people to repent of their disloyalty; the commanders advised them to stand fast for their rights and liberties, and the latter counsel was generally accepted; but the old colonial attachment to the mother-country, the well-spring of their laws and language, learning and religion, in whose history and traditions they had to seek the origin of their own, had still a hold on provincial hearts which it required months of relentless hostility on the part of the British Government to loose and break away.

In the meantime those contending influences produced a state of things that was remarkably diversified. Boston and its vicinity was the theatre of open war; but beyond that every district, and almost every township, did that which was right in its own eyes. While one was filled with burning zeal for the patriot cause, so that none of the Tory persuasion could find rest for the sole of his foot within its bounds, another went quietly about its business, living and letting live without regard to principles or parties. The village of Watertown belonged to the latter description; there was not a more peaceable place on Massachusetts Bay. The Provincial Congress chose to sit in its court-house that summer; but the sittings of such assemblies brought no gaiety to town or village now, the affairs on hand were of too grave a nature. Watertown was much more enlivened by being made a sort of dépôt of those British officers whom the Americans had taken in various rencontres since that of Lexington; they were all on parole, and went about the neighbourhood almost at their discretion, having abundant leisure and generally limited resources. The Whig inhabitants and those unlucky gentlemen eschewed each other by mutual consent; but the latter were deemed acquisitions, and made welcome accordingly at the Tory houses, which, though few, were hospitable, and not the least so was one which its fair mistress had named Danby Lodge.

It was an imposing title for the neat frame cottage standing in a small garden on the outskirts of the village, at which, according to observant neighbours, "two old Britishers and a handsome young miss" arrived on the day after Bunker's Hill. The time and circumstances might have excused some demonstrations of feeling, but Mrs. Major Danby received them with the most genteel composure. She looked like one of those "severe English ladies" with whom French mothers are in the habit of frightening their refractory children—tall, muscular, and gaunt in frame and face; no beauty, indeed, yet gifted with a commanding presence, and a look of good birth and breeding which beauty cannot always confer.

Further acquaintance proved that Mrs. Danby was coldly proper to the backbone, society as it existed in England being her high court of appeal for all causes temporal and spiritual; that she was inclined to stand on her social dignity, but ready to reckon pence with any tradesman; and though her highly practical views were disturbed by no gleam of sentiment or flight of imagination, yet the lady had one hobby, which was a consideration to all who came within her reach. It was the same which she had ridden with such woeful consequences at Cumberland Station, an unrelenting ambition to train, drill, correct, and set people right on every possible subject. If

they were young, so much greater was the scope for her energy; if they were old, she could still find room for improvement.

In short, Mrs. Danby had missed her destiny in not being a charity schoolmistress, and yet was not a bad sort of woman as the world went. She seemed really glad to see her old husband safe and well; had a friendly greeting for his ancient acquaintance, Lieutenant Gray; and when Miss Delamere had been presented in due form, she gave her a kindly welcome to Danby Lodge, and a pressing invitation to make it her home till those "misguided creatures before Boston were brought to reason," and loyal gentlemen like her father could return to their mansions and estates in peace.

The invitation was gratefully acknowledged and accepted, and Constance became one of the Danby family. Lieutenant Gray found quarters for himself in a neighbouring cottage, for the lodge had no room for more than one visitor. Many of the British officers similarly situated in Watertown were his old friends, most of them were acquainted with the major, and all took early opportunities to get introduced to Mrs. Danby. From the day on which the major had endowed her with his worldly goods, that excellent lady had kept fast hold of them and her own too, in times of triumph or of tribulation. Losing anything was out of the question with her. Moreover, she managed financial matters as it would be well for nations that most ministers could do; and thus her spouse had a comfortable home in the days of his involuntary captivity. Her house was a capital place for these lonely and luckless men to while away their idle time in. The seniors found cards and conversation there, the juniors a young lady to buzz and hover about.

Mrs. Danby found them all ready, if not willing, subjects for her schooling powers, and did governess duty to such an extent that Lieutenant Gray was heard by his confidential friends, though he acknowledged it was wrong, to wish that the Indians had got her.

As might be expected, Constance got a large share of the tutelage. Besides being grounded in all that was required from "a girl of family in England," she had to work samplers in the rococo pattern, and learn to perform on the harpsichord such choice pieces as the "Destruction of Tyre" and the "Coronation of Cupid."

Naturally gentle, good-humoured, and given to please, the yoke did not press so heavily on Delamere's daughter as it would have done on some girls, and its weight was considerably ameliorated by certain views which Mrs. Danby had in the background regarding her guest.

Soon after her own instalment in the lodge, Constance observed that the major's lady received and dispatched a good many letters by the Tory runner who did postal business between the scattered Royalists of Massachusetts and their friends in New York, which city had become a surer refuge of Tories than Boston, and had, moreover, the advantage of not being beleaguered by the New England army. The subject of the correspondence she neither knew nor cared to guess at. "It is all about money matters, and what the British Government ought to do for the major," thought the simple girl. But from the first moment of their meeting, Constance had been puzzled by something in Mrs. Danby's look which seemed familiar to her memory. She had

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seen the lady before, or somebody very like her, but when or where Constance could not imagine, till one day, as Mrs. Danby was sealing one of her numerous letters at her own writing-table in a corner of the drawing-room, she happened to drop the seal, which rolled to her visitor's feet, and Constance, stooping to pick it up, saw engraved thereon the very crest which Captain Devereux used to employ on his frequent notes to her father.

"You know that crest, my dear?" said the keensighted lady. "Ah! and let me tell you I have a right to use it, though my father was only a commoner—Captain Gridley Bacon, second brother of Barnes Bacon, Esq., of Hogsfeld Hall, county Hants. My mother was Lady Cecilia Devereux, eldest sister of the present Viscount Lavenham. Yes, my dear, it is quite true;" and Mrs. Danby endeavoured to look arch. "I believe you are acquainted with my cousin—nay, don't blush"—poor Constance was only looking thunderstruck; "the best bred girl in this or any other country need not be ashamed of a preference for Cecil Talbot Devereux, heir-apparent to the Lavenham title and estate. My dear, he has not forgotten you; Cecil is not one of those fickle men whose love is cooled by absence and frozen by misfortune. No, though your prospects are not what they once were—I mean for the present, of course—his heart is as true to you as the needle to the pole. Shall I tell you a secret? My cousin is in New York, and will be here soon."

Constance never knew how she looked on hearing that announcement, and, fortunately, her hostess had no time to observe, for the trusty runner gave his signal knock at the street-door, and she ran out with her letter. The revelation was not more unexpected than alarming to the solitary girl. How was she to stave off the captain's suit in the house of his energetic cousin, who was manifestly bent on furthering the match with all her might? Had she known in time the meaning of that familiar look in Mrs. Danby's face, she would have endeavoured to join the Quaker family in Philadelphia, notwithstanding the difficulties of the journey, or found a home in the poorest hut in the province rather than in Danby Lodge. Poor Constance had yet to learn that people never know in time the things which most concern them, and also that one dreaded evil is at times superseded by a greater, of which we had no fear.

Her principal inducement to take up her abode in Watertown was the hope of somehow or other finding means to communicate with her father, or at least get frequent intelligence of him. That hope had hitherto been fruitless; she had thought of many a scheme for the purpose, but could carry none of them into effect. Almost two months had passed away, and she had heard nothing of the squire except what Israel Putnam told her in Prospect House.

Since then General Washington had arrived from Pennsylvania and taken command of the New England army by appointment of the Continental Congress. Under his authority the discipline of the camp had become more strict and regular, and the leaguer of Boston more rigorous. It was the general's object either to force the British garrison out to an action in the open field, or oblige them to abandon the city by stress of famine, and sail away in the ships of war which still commanded the bay. The popular saying was that nobody could get out or in of Old Tremont, and the country people as well as the army applauded Washington's policy, for the pro-

vincial mind had been much embittered by the burning of Charlestown, and the destruction of some small but thriving towns along the coast, by the ships of his Britannic Majesty. How was the royalist colonel's daughter to get news of him under such circumstances? and how was Constance Delamere, situated as she was, to avoid or bring to nought the matrimonial intentions of Lord Lavenham's nephew?

She was revolving in her mind plans of escape over one of the obligatory samplers on the second morning after Mrs. Danby's disclosure, when a cart, driven by a countryman whom she knew to be one of her father's tenants—but he had on the uniform of Archdale's militia, namely, a red hunting-shirt and a black leather belt—came close up to the garden-gate, and out of it slowly and painfully crept the once strong and active Denis Dargan. The poor fellow's coat hung loose upon him; his right arm was in a sling; the shoulder above was covered with straps and bandages; and he walked with difficulty and the help of a stick. Before he had got fairly into the garden Constance was by his side. "Oh! Denis, what has happened to you?" she cried. "Lean on me, and let me help you into the house."

"No, miss, thank you; I'm not that far gone; don't be alarmed. It was a Bunker's Hill chance, you see, when we were coverin' the rethrait, which everybody says was the gallantest thing done in this campaign, though it's not for me to brag about, in course. A spent cannon-ball nearly smatched my shoulder; an' nobody knows what would have become o' me, for the boys were all flyin'—as well they might—but our colonel, Masther Sydney—I'll niver get over callin' him that—got me up on his back wid one powerful lift, and niver stopped nor stayed till he had me safe in Cambridge. May it be remembered till him here an' hereafter, amin! But, miss, it was not that I come to tell you," and Denis sat silent for a minute on the garden seat to which Constance had led him.

"What was it then, Denis?" A sudden fear fell on the girl's heart. "Is my father well?"

"He's not just well; but don't be frightened, miss," said Dargan.

"Tell me the worst at once, Denis." Her words came quick and low.

"I will, miss; for I know you're a sensible young lady, and won't give way. Your father is a prisoner in the hands of the Americans, and sore wounded, too, but likely to recover; the docthor himself tould me this mornin'. But that's not the whole story. You see the squire got word in a lettther that come till him by say from the Quaker's people, wherever they are, that one Greenland, a wondherful name it is, had brought them news that you were among the Indians (in course the man didn't know that Providence had relaised you, miss), an' Ginerall Gage wanted a message tuck till Sir John Johnson, a great man up in thim quarters; so your father, bein' as brave as any lion, an' wantin' to look afther his little girl, undhertuck the business, wid only three to bear him company. They were volunteers, I was tould. Becaise the sarvice was desperate, the ginerall would bid nobody go, an' the squire led them out safe past sentinels an' battheries, till the end o' the camp at Roxborough. There the Americans got sight an' fell on them; it was numbers agin few; but the squire fought like the ould boy—I main like Heethor in the wars o' Throy, miss. One of his men was shot, an' the other two run away, bad luck to them! but



he set his back agin a wall that was convanient, an' did such tarrible work wid his sword, that sorra a one o' them durst come near him till some spalpeen shot him in the elist wid his pistol. Then the noble gintleman, seein' he could fight no more, and must be tuck prisoner, pulls out the lethther he was intrusted wid, an' before they could get hould of it, tears it all to bits and scatters them about; but, nivertheless, they gathered up the bits, an' made out o' them that he was goin' to set the red haithen savages on to waste an' burn their frontier towns and settlements. In course it's false, every word; but the holy saints and the twelve apostles wouldn't get it out o' their heads, General Washington an' all, an' they have him in Concord Gaol undher a strong guard, an' talk of sindin' him, as soon as he can be moved, to Ticonderoga for safe keepin'. It's a dhreary, wathery place on that big lake, miss, an' will do the squire no good, as the docther said to me this mornin'; he's a very sensible man—was at college wid the squire, it seems—an' don't believe a word o' the story agin him. 'Denis,' says he, 'he might live longer than any of us, but his lungs are affected, for the shot has touched them, an' if they sind him to that forthress he'll niver come out of it, that's my opinion;'" and the faithful fellow drew his hand across his eyes. "I was in the hospital, miss, when it all happened," he resumed, in a minute or two, "an' heard nothin' about it till three days ago, when Captain Magrory, an' some men of his company who had been at Roxborough, came to see me, an' bein' troubled in my mind, I got Robin Magee there—we were always friendly, because, you see, his grandfather came from Ballymacarrot—to fetch me here in the cart, for he knowed where you were to be heard of, and I thought that if you could get some nait spakin' gintleman that had the rights o' the story to lay it sthraight before General Washington, he might see that the squire was blamed in the wrong, an' deal more marcifully wid him."

"I will go and speak to General Washington myself," said Constance, looking bravely up, though her cheeks were pale and her eyes wet with tears. "Nobody knows my father's mind and motives better than I do. It was for my sake he got into this sad state and false accusation, and I will go anywhere, or speak to anybody, on his behalf."

A group had gathered round them by this time, consisting of Lieutenant Gray—who had dropped in as usual—the major, and Mrs. Danby. "My dear!" cried the schooling lady, "don't talk of such a thing; a girl of your family and appearance going to a camp of rebels to speak to their so-called general! The idea is not to be entertained for a moment."

"Axin' your ladyship's pardon," said poor Denis, "there's no danger before any lady in the American camp. It's not cursin' an' swearin', or doin' worse, maybe, like the king's sodgers they have in hand there, but behavin' thimselves all the week, an' readin' their Bibles on Sunday. Miss Delamere would be as safe among the dacent min at Cambridge as iver she was in her father's house at the Elms; an' as for the general, there's not a bigger Christian in all New England!"

"You are right, my lad," said the lieutenant; "there is no danger; and in my mind, Miss Delamere would be the very best advocate her father could have with a soldier and a gentleman like George Washington, for such I know him to be, though he commands against the king. Keep up

your heart, my girl; you will get the squire out of his fix if anybody can, and I'll be your escort to head-quarters in spite of our orders not to leave Watertown, if they send me to Northampton Gaol for it among the other gentlemen who have to pay for old Gage's dealings with American officers in Boston."

"I say it is entirely against the rules of propriety!" cried Mrs. Danby, but as she spoke they heard the clatter of horses' hoofs on the quiet street, and Captain Devereux, followed by his negro servant, Paul, alighted at the garden-gate.

## ANTIQUITY OF EGYPTIAN CIVILISATION.

BY PROFESSOR OWEN, F.R.S.

MY attention has been called to the paper by the Rev. Canon Rawlinson, in the February number (Part 290) of the "Leisure Hour," on Egyptian Civilisation. The writer opposes to a statement of mine on the Chronology of Egypt the diversity of opinions on that subject by Egyptologists.

On this line of objection I may remark, that the value to be assigned to discrepant conclusions on a matter of scientific research must rest on the evidence with which such conclusions may be severally supported.

With regard to the first authority cited as "manifestly conflicting with my estimate" (p. 101), that notion rests on an assumption that the commencement of Egypt as a civilised and governed community dates from the "erection of the Pyramid." The structures which the president of the British Association cites as exemplifying the attainment in Egypt of the greatest perfection in the art of building, are the three "Great Pyramids" at Ghizeh, the northern graveyard of the once mighty city of Memphis.

But these are not mere superposed accumulations of unwrought or roughly-wrought stone, such as might be argued to exemplify the dawn of civilisation. They manifest the degree of perfection ascribed to them by Sir John Hawkshaw, in all the different branches of the art of construction.

The wrought masses of stone of the body of the building—truly its walls, though of mighty thickness—were skilfully extracted from the rocky geological formation on which the pyramids are based. Evidences of the skilled, systematic quarrying operations surround the "wonders." One huge outlier of the nummulitic limestone was purposely left and contemporaneously wrought by colossal sculpture of exquisite art and finish into the form of the world-famous Sphinx.

Other kinds of stone were needed for the complex, though outwardly simple structures, which alone of their date offer themselves to the wondering gaze of the present generation, as they will do to that of future ones.

For the more finished masonry of the outer casing, a limestone of finer grain and more compact texture was required. This the Egyptian builders found in the older tertiary strata on the opposite (Arabian) bank of the Nile. They selected for the quarrying operations a part of the cliff, so situated that the enormous blocks there wrought out and transferred to the rafts could be landed, by the combined forces

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of the rowers and the current, close to the required spot on the opposite (Libyan) shore.

Remains of the landing-place and causeway may still be traced; and Herodotus deemed this preliminary accessory work scarcely inferior in magnitude and engineering skill to the pyramids themselves.

A third kind of stone used in their construction had to be got at a distance of some hundreds of miles upstream. I have visited the quarries of red granite near Assouan—the ancient Syene—of the beautiful variety thence called “Syenite,” which may be contrasted, at the British Museum, with the red granite of Aberdeen, which supports the ancient Syenitic sculptures.

The arts of quarrying and of masonry, manifested by the marvellous bulk of granite blocks, the perfection of their shaping, and the fineness of their polished surfaces, were as advanced in Egypt at the date of the pyramids as at any subsequent period, or as they are now practised with the aid of gunpowder and of steam machinery in the granite quarries and works at Aberdeen. These arts have been lost in Egypt for centuries past; at least, there is no evidence of their practice in any of the constructions since the date of the Mohammedan conquest. The last semi-barbarous victors availed themselves, in the construction of their fortalices and mosques, of the wrought masses of fine limestone with which the First and Second Pyramids were coated, and of the similarly polished masses of granite with which the Third Pyramid—the most beautiful of all in the Greek historian’s estimation—was covered.

This material, moreover, enters into the internal architecture of the Great Pyramid. Emerging from the entry gallery into the grand passage, walled and roofed by mighty masses of polished granite, called the “king’s chamber,” conducting to the mortuary chapel, contiguous to the chamber of the royal sarcophagus, the unexpected dimensions of the granitic “chamber” impressed me with its resemblance to the side-aisle of a cathedral.

The whole of the known interior structures of Cheops’ Pyramid—the central tomb, the roof of which is relieved, by a series of “discharging arches,” from the enormous superincumbent mass towering to the pyramid’s apex; the ventilating shafts, extending at the best angle for their purpose, to open upon the sides of the pyramid; the precisely-estimated slope of both upward and downward passages, in reference to the enormous blocks of granite to be moved along them, hardly, if at all, inferior to the monolithic sarcophagus itself,—all these impressed my architectural and engineering fellow-travellers with the conviction that a mind of high order in their sciences had planned and presided over the construction of the pyramid. The Director-General of the Ordnance Survey, Major-General Sir Henry James, in his “Notes on the Great Pyramid of Egypt” (1869), remarks of the passages:—“Their inclination, which is just the ‘angle of rest,’ is particularly well chosen, when we consider that these stone-masses would have to slide down to their position. With a greater inclination it would have been very difficult to guide the blocks in their descent, and with a less it would have been difficult to move them.” The author here refers to the massive blocks of granite accurately hewn to fit and fit into the mouth of the passage, and which were needed to bar unauthorised access to the royal tomb.

His must be a cold nature who can view unmoved the exterior of these constructions, mighty in their seeming simplicity. Nor is it surprising that a weak mind should lose its balance in a cognisance of their well-considered complexity.

The hypothesis of the function of the pyramid and its sarcophagus for the purpose of conservation of divine standards of weights and measures, is not the only one which rests on the assumption that the architect and builders were guided by a “special inspiration.”

The opposite extreme is the notion that the alleged rude though mighty cairn exemplifies “the commencement of Egyptian civilisation,” which, according to Canon Rawlinson, Sir John Hawkshaw “places about B.C. 5000,” and which the reverend canon contrasts with the “extravagant” one of 7,000 years.

I will not trespass on the reader’s patience with notes of the contemporary temple near to the pyramids recently discovered by Mariette-Bey, Ministerial Conservator of the Antiquities of Egypt. I allude to it as having contained evidences of the rise of the art of sculpture to a height equalling that of architecture. The life-sized statue of Phra Képhrén, discovered in this temple, in its majestic simplicity of character, will bear comparison with that of Watt by Chantrey in Westminster Abbey. But the ancient Egyptian sculptor executed his work in the hardest and rarest material that Egypt could produce, viz., diorite.

On the plinth of this statue is the name-shield of its subject, “Kawra,” rendered by Herodotus “Kephren,” the builder of the Second Pyramid, the successor of Khouwou, or Cheops, builder of the First Pyramid, and the predecessor of Menkera, or Mykerinus, builder of the Third Pyramid.

The names of these three Pharaohs of the fourth dynasty were told to Herodotus on the authority of the same priestly records as were afterwards used by Manetho to compile the history required by the then reigning monarch, his master, Ptolemy Philadelphus. Cheops’ name has been found on the stones of his pyramid, and the Third Pyramid has revealed like evidence of its builder, Menkera.

What were the chances that these and most of the other names and records of kings and dynasties of the Old and Middle Empires in Manetho’s record, should have been confirmed by contemporary evidence, if there existed grounds of “doubt whether Manetho had any materials for reconstructing the chronology of the Old and Middle Empires”? (P. 104.)

How many of my readers may have accepted as well-founded this reflection on the memory of the Egyptian historian, qualified, it is true, by ascriptions of “best intention” in the manufacture of such chronology! Some may even have received as unquestionable Canon Rawlinson’s avowal of the “manifest conflict” of Sir John Hawkshaw’s and my estimates of “the commencement of Egyptian civilisation.” To most, I presume, it must have occurred that the “Address to the British Association at Bristol” contained no statement or estimate whatever of such commencement.

What the president eloquently expressed was his appreciation, as a professional judge of the matter, of the great perfection to which Egyptian civilisation had attained at the period, according to the Manethonian chronicle, now abundantly confirmed, when Cheops, Cephren, and Mykerinus caused those ancient

"wonders of the world" to be erected at that period, viz., of the ancient division of Egyptian history, which dates 5,000 years ago.

Of all the marvels of this history the manifestation of the dawn of civilisation by such works, agreeably with the conception of Canon Rawlinson, would be the greatest. The birth of Pallas from the brain of Jove would be its parallel.

Unprepossessed and sober experience, however, teaches that arts, language, literature, are of slow growth, the results of gradual development, as would be expected in a civilisation which had culminated in a creed, a ritual, a priesthood, in convictions of a future life and judgment, of "the resurrection of the body," with the resulting instinct of its preservation—an instinct in which kings alone could indulge to the height of a pyramid. The administrative arrangements through which compulsory labours could be regulated and carried on, with more consideration than Mohamed Ali gave or cared for in the construction of the Mahmoudi Canal; the monthly relays of Pharaoh's workmen; the commissariat as it was recorded on the original polished exterior of the Great Pyramid; the settled grades of Egyptian society, and the "Thirty Commandments" governing their moral life,—“commandments,” by the people held to be “divine,” seeing that thereby the soul was tested, and the deeds of the flesh weighed before the judgment seat of Osiris—these are not the signs of an incipient civilisation. The period of incubation of such progress, if one had to found an estimate by the analogy of the proved conditions of prehistoric man, could not be deemed “extravagant” at the sum of years I have assigned, dating from such incipency; it is more likely to prove inadequate.

The studies of the geologist have expanded ideas of time in a degree analogous to those of space gained by astronomy. Concurrent expansion is rewarding the investigator of the evidences of the human race. My geological observations in Egypt begat a greater confidence in the deductions from lately discovered inscriptions, than in the arbitrary curtailments of Manetho's records by Josephus, Syncellus, and other critics.

Three dynasties of Egyptian kings preceded that of which the builders of the great pyramids were members. Mariette-Bey, whose discoveries have added the most weighty testimony in support of "the materials" at Manetho's command for his records of the chronology of the Old Empire, assigns to the duration of those dynasties a period of 769 years.

Dr. Birch gives 777 years "according to the total of the years of the reigns."

But Egypt is recorded to have been a civilised and governed community before the time of Menes.

Civilisation, it is true, is an arbitrary term. Anthropologists have not yet settled the boundary-line between a savage and a civilised people.

The obtaining sustenance from wild plants and animals, without any of the arts of culture and domestication, would apply as a definition to the savageism of the aborigines of Australia and of the Andaman Isles, of the Boshismen of South Africa, of the Mandans and other "Red Indians" of America. The pastoral community of a group of nomad families, as portrayed in the Pentateuch, may be admitted as an early step in civilisation.

But how far in advance of this stage is a nation administered by a kingly government, consisting of grades of society, with divisions of labour, of which one kind, assigned to the priesthood, was to record or chronicle the names and dynasties of the kings, the durations, and chief events of their reigns!

The traditions of the priestly historians, as received and recorded by Herodotus and Diodorus, refer to a long antecedent period of the existence of the Egyptians as an administered community; the final phase of which, prior to the assumption of the crown by Menes, was analogous to that of the judges in Israel, or the Papacy at Rome, a government, viz., of priests.

The obstruction to the acceptance of the inductive evidences, on which alone a lasting knowledge of ethnology and of the antiquity of the human race can be had, is the same which opposed the progress of the science of geology, and retarded for two centuries or more the demonstration of the causes which, in the long course of ages, modified the crust of the earth; incompatibility, namely, "with the chronology of the Bible," especially "if it be borne in mind that, according to the Septuagint version, the date of the Deluge was certainly anterior to B.C. 3000." (P. 104.)

How far anterior to that date, Canon Rawlinson leaves to conjecture. According to the "Sacred Chronology" of Bishop Russell, the latest writer of eminence on that topic, whose conclusions are mainly those of Hales and Jackson, and, like them, based on the Septuagint, the date of the universal Deluge, as detailed in Gen. vi. vii. viii. is 5,060 years from that of the present writing. It must be admitted that there is yet much uncertainty as to ancient biblical chronology.

### A TRIP TO PALMYRA AND THE DESERT.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WRIGHT, B.A., OF DAMASCUS.

V.

THE golden age of Tadmor's prosperity seems to have been, from her first contact with the power of Rome, until she was finally crushed by that power; and her splendid edifices were the result of that wave of civilisation which was put in motion by the Macedonian conqueror, and continued by the Romans. Like most of the splendid ruins of Syria, those of Palmyra date from the early centuries of our era. During the early part of the second century the relations between Rome and Palmyra became

most intimate. Palmyra ministered to Roman luxury, and Rome became pledged for the safety and stability of the merchant city.

In all ages the wealth of India has flowed in a direct line to the centre of the world's power. The centre of the world's power had become fixed on the Seven Hills, and Pliny tells us that the city of Rome alone took annually one hundred million *sestertii* of Indian merchandise. It is interesting to trace the routes across the desert, along which as by a magnet

Rome crossed through from A direct and Sul uninjur down overlame came t it was i hands Tadmor chief c and Ap with th of the chants, Persian them t differ of the were p of care statue panied had a Zabdes honour having of an erected and p ducted instan whom that t with t In t the no mainte Persia and w citizen city. the qu It ha adorn learn and s rule s templ their Thus, erecte painte sun a and l March with and l the i on t Moth ornan his o for hi

\* In Count accurac



Rome drew the riches of the East. One line passed through Gaza and Petra to Forath. A second, starting from Akka on the Mediterranean, ran across Galilee, crossed the Jordan below Gennesaret, and struck direct for the head of the Persian Gulf, past Bosra and Sulkhad. The Roman road is still in many places uninjured, awaiting the European engineers to lay down the rails on the *shortest, safest, and cheapest* overland route to India. The Great Northern line came through Charax, Volgesia, and Palmyra, and it was in the latter city that the east and west joined hands in the mutual benefits of commerce. The Tadmorenes, like the English in our day, were the chief carriers and retailers of Indian merchandise, and Appian, the Roman historian, speaks of them with the same contempt as the first Napoleon spoke of the "*nation of shopkeepers*." "They are merchants," said he, disdainfully, "who seek among the Persians the products of India and Arabia, and carry them to the Romans." The Tadmorenes took a different view of the dignity of commerce, and many of the statues that sentinelled the long colonnades were placed there in honour of the successful leaders of caravans. Thus J. A. Zebeida was adjudged a statue in April, 147, by the merchants who accompanied him with the caravan from Volgesia. Markos had a statue for organising the caravan of which Zabdeathus was the conductor. Thaimarson was honoured with a place in the grand colonnade for having led a caravan from Karak for the liquidation of an ancient debt of 300 dinars. And a statue was erected in the grand colonnade, in 257, by the senate and people in honour of Salmalath, for having conducted a caravan at his own expense. In several instances also, we find tribes erecting statues to those whom they considered had merited well of them; so that the Bedawin seem to have thrown in their lot with the merchants.

In those days the Palmyrenes held the monopoly of the northern route to India; and so long as they maintained a strict neutrality between Rome and Persia, they grew in wealth and in general luxury; and we learn from many of the inscriptions that the citizens lavished their wealth in beautifying their city. The inscriptions give us the best answer to the question, "Who built the Tadmor of Zenobia?" It has been generally supposed that Hadrian adorned Palmyra, but from the inscriptions we learn that that was rather the work of the people and senate of the luxurious little republic.\* The rule seems to have been that wealthy citizens erected temples and colonnades in honour of the gods, and their fellow-citizens honoured them with statues. Thus, from an inscription we learn that one man erected six columns, with their architraves, and painted them in honour of Shems and Alath (the sun and a female deity worshipped by the Arabs), and his fellow-citizens erected a statue to him in March, 129. Another citizen erected seven columns, with all their ornaments and brazen balustrades, and he was "statued" in March, 179. And from the inscription, to which we have already referred, on the portico of the "Temple of the King's Mother," we learn that "the temple, with all its ornaments, was built by Mala, called Agrippa, at his own expense." The statue was erected to Mala for his services during the visit of the "god Hadrian;"

\* In these remarks I am much indebted to Mr. Waddington and the Count de Vogüé, whose valuable works—marvels of industry and accuracy—I have used freely.

but he seems to have been a general benefactor, for it is recorded in the same inscription that "he gave oil to the inhabitants, the soldiers, and to strangers." The small temples and the colonnades appear from the inscriptions to have been the gifts of private individuals; but such a work as the great Temple of the Sun must have proceeded from the senate and the republic. It is not unlikely that private donations may also have been used, and we find an inscription recording the dedication of a statue "by the senate and people to Ogga, who honoured himself by giving to the senate the sum of ten thousand drachmas."† It would thus seem that the Tadmorenes could honour the gods, adorn the city, and have their vanity gratified by a statue, for an outlay of from £400 to £500. By the side of this statue stood another to Ogga, and the inscription significantly declared that "it was erected by the senate and people for love."

The Palmyrenes, having become closely allied with Rome, began to add politics to commerce, and to mix themselves up in their neighbours' quarrels. Among the inscriptions we find one recording the dedication of a statue in 258 by the goldsmiths of Palmyra "to their master, Septimus Odainathus." This Odainathus, on the death of his father, Odainathus I, cast aside the policy of neutrality, abandoned the traditions of his fathers, and associated the merchant city with the fortunes of imperial Rome. At that time Valerian was waging war with Sapor, king of the Persians, and Odainathus, having been treated with contempt by Sapor, espoused the cause of the Romans against the Persians. Valerian, in the flush of victory, was taken prisoner by Sapor, who afterwards boasted that always when he mounted his horse he placed his foot on the neck of a Roman emperor; and when Valerian died, after enduring the most cruel indignities, his skin was stuffed with straw, and preserved as a trophy in the national temple of Persia.

Valerian had bestowed on Odainathus the dignity of consul, and Odainathus showed himself worthy of the imperial favour. On the capture of Valerian he collected the scattered forces of Rome, and uniting them with his own Tadmorenes, drove back the Persians beyond the Euphrates. Emboldened by this success, Odainathus assumed the title of king, and he elevated to royal dignity his wife, Zenobia, and his eldest son, Herod.‡ The reign of the indolent and profligate Gallienus, who made no efforts to rescue his father from cruel bondage, was perhaps the most disastrous and ignoble in the history of Rome. Usurpers sprung up in every province, barbarians ravaged the fairest portions of the empire, and the most awful plague the world has ever seen swept away the people.

In this juncture Odainathus became the representative of the Roman power in the East, and in that capacity gained his greatest victories. Odainathus fought the enemies of Rome in the emperor's name, defeated Ballista, and put to death Quietus in the same manner, and sent all his prisoners of war to the emperor. Nor, when the empire was in its lowest state of anarchy, did the Palmyrenes think of throwing off the yoke of Gallienus; and in the midst of their greatest triumphs, in 263, we find them in their inscriptions calling the vile Gallienus "their master." In return, Gallienus associated Odainathus

\* The Attic drachma was worth 9d., and the Aginetan, 1s. 7d.

† "Assumpto nomine regali cum uxore Zenobia et filio majore cui nomen Herodes" (Trebellus Pollio—Trig. Tyr. 14).

with himself as co-partner of the empire, and the Roman historian says—"The senate, the city, and the age gratefully accepted him." Odainathus, as associate emperor, marched against the Scythians, who were ravaging Asia Minor, but he was assassinated by his nephew, Maconius,\* at Hums, in 266.

In all his wars, as in his hunting expeditions, Odainathus had been accompanied by his second wife, the beautiful and accomplished Zenobia; and Aurelian† declared, in a letter to the senate, that Zenobia belonged to the honour of her husband's victories over the Persians. Wahballath succeeded his father, but his mother, Zenobia, continued regent and queen. We have full descriptions of this wonderful woman by the Roman historians. They declare that her complexion was olive, and her eyes dark and fiery. In her person she was graceful beyond imagination, and her countenance was divinely sprightly. Her teeth were white as pearls, and her voice was clear and strong. She rode an Arab charger, and she sometimes gave her soldiers an example in bearing fatigue by walking with them several miles on foot. She harangued her troops with her arms bare and a helmet on her head, and then charged with them to victory. She could practise the severe and frugal habits of a Roman matron, or yield to the soft luxury and barbaric splendour of an Oriental court. She became, under her tutor, the celebrated Longinus, as remarkable for her mental accomplishments as for her bodily. Zenobia boasted descent from Cleopatra, but the inscriptions, as read and commented on by Waddington and Vogüé, assign to the queen of the East a humbler origin.‡ She was probably the daughter of a Palmyrene, called Zenobius, and the name by which she was known among her countrywomen was Bathzebina, or the merchant's daughter.

Zenobia, as regent in her son's name, continued the policy of her illustrious husband. She conquered Syria and Egypt in the name of Rome, but dared to hold her conquests in her own name. Aurelian marched against the queen of the East; and, after defeating her in two pitched battles, drove her back on her desert home. Here the iron power of Rome prevailed, and Palmyra fell with the proud family that had led her into a career for which she was utterly unfitted. Zenobia, after gracing Aurelian's triumph, settled and married in Italy, and became the mother of a Roman family; and Tadmor, after many vicissitudes, fell finally under the withering blight of Islam, and then her utter destruction was accomplished.

On the forenoon of our last day at Palmyra we were sitting on the brackets of the columns in the portico of the little temple, husbanding our strength for the return journey, and watching the wonderful play of light and shadow, of roseate hues and golden tints, which overspread the ruins, and gave them their greatest charm,§ when suddenly we heard the

shrill war-song of the Bedawin. In a few minutes we saw a straggling band of spearmen gallop through the pass and down to the warm fountain. They disappeared from our view, and their war-song ceased; but as we had learnt coming along that the Bedawin were in a particularly Ishmaelitish mood, we called on our servants to hand us up our breechloaders and cartridges. We knew that the only law in force, or acknowledged in the desert, was that of the strongest, and we resolved to fall in with the law. I was just then busily engaged in fixing the position of the tomb-towers, and as I had an intelligent sheikh telling me their names, I took little notice of the Bedawin, who were coming up slyly at a canter, as if they meant to pass us; but just when they came within charging distance, the leader turned his horse and spear towards us, and went right at us. My companion's coolness was inimitable. With his back against the column, and his legs dangling from the pedestal on which he sat, he smoked his cigar and manipulated his cartridges as methodically as he plied his instruments when stuffing a bird, and with certainly more composure than he stood fire in the House of Commons. He afterwards told me the secret of his composure. He felt safe from our own wild party, who could not shoot him from behind through the column, and he was confident that we could empty the saddles as fast as they came up. We determined that we would not let the ruffians, who stripped women and stole donkeys, strip and plunder us with impunity. For a moment it seemed that we were in for a brush with real Bedawin. Most of our guard were absent, and Brandy Bob, instead of calling his men to arms, got hold of a soldier's rifle, quietly lay down behind a prostrate column, and covered his man. Our soldier of the blind horse, with more prudence than his captain, got into the temple, and, putting his rifle through a hole, laid his cheek to the stock and his finger to the trigger. We marked out a wall about twenty yards distant, and resolved to fire as soon as the Bedawin passed it. As they approached they quickened their pace, and the leader came on a little in front, with his spear pointed against one of our breasts, his teeth set, and his eyes bursting from his head. The Arab war-song ceased, and there was no sound except the clatter of galloping horses, and our general order, oft-repeated, "Don't fire till they are close upon us." The fatal wall was approached, but just then Gazaway, who could contain himself no longer, rushed out from behind us with a double-barrelled gun, and hurled such a volley of Egyptian oaths at the Bedawin, that he fairly staggered them. The whole party hesitated, wheeled to the right, and made a graceful and masterly retreat. Gazaway by his horrible howling saved us, but much wrath fell upon him for his imprudence, so popular is a fight everywhere. The Bedawin then charged right up to the village, but the Palmyrenes, who had been watching our tactics from the walls of the temple, met them in the gate with matchlocks and lighted fuzes, and the robbers, again foiled, fell back, and halted in the triumphal arch. In a moment they picketed their horses and threw themselves on the sand to rest.

I had often wished to see a foraging party of Arabs, for the tribes send out their best horses and arms, and only their picked men. I resolved to visit the party, but Brandy Bob, who amused himself by aiming at the Bedawin with a loaded rifle, declared that he would not consider himself responsible for

\* Zenoras declares that Maconius was Odainathus' nephew, probably a son of Hairan, the immediate predecessor of Odainathus. Treb. Pol. calls him a cousin of Odainathus.

† The letter is preserved by Treb. Pol.

‡ In the inscription on the pedestal of Zenobia's statue there is no reference to her ancestors. "Odainathus, the king of kings," was the son of Odainathus I, the son of Hairan, the son of Wahballath, the son of Nassar. By Zenobia he had three sons, Wahballath, Hairan, and Thalmela.

§ Tourists generally speak of "the marble ruins of Palmyra white as snow." The stone used is a close-grained limestone (except four granite monoliths) of a yellowish colour, streaked and flushed with pink. The ruins and whole landscape have a golden hue which is very striking.

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my safety if I moved beyond our camp. The opportunity was not to be lost, and so I started alone for the Bedawin, who were distant about a quarter of a mile. On the way I met some of our soldiers coming back to our camp, but crouching along hollow places, and behind ruins, so as not to be seen by the spearmen. The villagers also, who

livid with rage, and his passion seemed to be choking him, and as he hurled imprecations at me, the foam flew from his mouth. I met his exhibition of wrath with a laugh, and walked past him as if I was accustomed to that sort of thing, and thought nothing of it. I walked straight, and at my leisure, to the rest of the Arabs, and he followed me roaring like a



TRIUMPHAL ARCH, WITH TEMPLE OF THE SUN BEYOND.

were in the gardens and fields, were stealing home into the temple.

I walked very slowly, with the Bedawin in view all the way, and in order to appear as composed as possible, I examined all the ruins on my path, though I had seen them fifty times before. When I came within a few perches of the triumphal arch, one of the Bedawin sprang to his feet, seized a club and a spear, and rushed at me like an infuriated bull. Never did I see a man, even in a mad-house, so utterly beside himself as that man was. He was

wild animal. The others received me with scowling looks, and none of them returned my salutation. I sat down upon a stone, fully believing myself in a trap, and tried to look composed, though I did not feel so. "Who do you think I am?" thundered the wrathful Bedawy. "I think," said I, "you would be a magnificent looking fellow if you did not spoil a handsome face by bad temper." "Know then," said he, "that I am the great Kufeiley, at whose name pashas tremble." I said, "No one denied that he was the great Kufeiley, but that I had seen

as pleasant a man somewhere previously;" and then, seeing the necessity for a diversion, I added, pointing to a horrible-looking cut-throat who stood *glowering* at me, "Look at the sweet and pleasant countenance of your friend there on the approach of a guest." The wit was of the feeblest quality, but it did its work, and a broad grin overspread every countenance, even that of the infuriate Kufeiley.

In five minutes we were deep in the politics of the desert and the city. Kufeiley had a grievance against the Turks—as who has not, that has any dealings with them? They had ceased to pay a stipulated tribute for the right of peaceful passage, and he would reduce them to terms, as he had often done before. He had come expressly to plunder us by way of punishing the Turks, and as Allah was great, he would scatter us like dust on our return journey. Then they examined everything I had, like big children, and asked me the price of each thing—my boots, my watch, my pistol, my hat; in fact, I believe they were making an inventory of my personal effects to facilitate future division after they should have relieved me of them. I broached the question of the education of their children, but they answered scornfully, "Do you want to make them clerks?" On further discussion they promised to entertain the question, or submit to any other humiliation, if I would procure the release of some of their tribe who were wrongfully imprisoned in Damascus.

I had now an opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with the robbers. I found that Kufeiley was the leader of that branch of the 'Amour Arabs who frequent the desert between Palmyra and Hums. He did not exaggerate the terror his name inspired,\* as he was one of the most active and bloody of all the Bedawin. He was a short, thick man, with short, black, shaggy head and thick neck. His flesh was black and hard as dried Brazilian beef. Second in command, and in fame for bloody deeds, was Azzab, the father-in-law of Kufeiley, a tall, spare man. They all had the deep, suspicious eyes of their race. They were armed with lances, tufted with ostrich's feathers, and most of them had clubs and flint pistols and crooked daggers; and there was one double-barrelled fowling-piece, which they seemed to regard with special affection. They exhibited it in triumph; but it was only a Belgian gun which had got the name "London" engraved on it in Damascus. They all appeared as if they had dressed at an "old clo'" shop, as there was nothing like uniformity in their apparel, and they were doubtless arrayed in the garments of their victims. One man had hung about him the black clothes of a European, much too large for him, and sadly in want of buttons.

While I lingered with the Bedawin, the Turkish Governor of Palmyra joined us, accompanied by a scribe. He and Kufeiley fell on each other's necks, and it soon became apparent why we and the Palmyrenes had to defend ourselves in presence of a Turkish garrison. The governor got a fair share of all plunder taken by Kufeiley, and he, in return, abstained from interfering with that chief's enterprises. On our arrival at Palmyra this Turkish official paid several visits to our camp, and always on leaving us sent his servant to beg a bottle of brandy. Our supply was limited to one bottle for

medicinal purposes, but we yielded to his importunities in a moment of weakness. We could not, however, give him the whole bottle, and we were ashamed to send it half full; and so we did as they do at country fairs in Ireland when the supply is becoming exhausted, we filled it up with water. Apparently the brandy was not up to the governor's standard of perfection, or he had got from us all that his heart desired, for he appeared at our tent no more, and his friendship was turned into hostility.

My interview with the Bedawin was cut short by a mounted soldier, who came galloping up from Brandy Bob, delivered his message from a distance of twenty yards, and galloped away before the Arabs, who sprang to their feet, had even time to fire on him. He ordered me to return at once, and told the Bedawin that if they did not retire from the triumphal arch in twenty minutes, they would be fired on.

On my return to the camp our party were getting ready to start. As we moved from the ruins, some of the Bedawin went before us, and some of them followed us, but they always kept at a respectful distance. They did not attack us, for they prefer plundering to fighting; but they kept in a position from which they could have cut off stragglers, or caught a runaway horse or mule.

Passing into the long plain which stretches from Palmyra to near Damascus, we kept to the right, about a mile from the mountain range on the north. The Bedawin marched parallel with us along the foot of the mountain. In an hour and a half we reached the open mouths of a subterranean water-course. The openings were about eighty feet apart, and the water was eighteen feet from the surface of the ground. The stones round the sides of the openings were much polished, and grooved by the friction of ropes drawing up water. This was the water of the Abu el Fawaris fountain, which was the chief supply of Tadmor. We pitched our camp by the water, at a point due west from the Castle of Palmyra. The place seemed to have been much used as a camping ground. The plain around us was green with the el-kali, and another shrub like a dwarf tamarisk. Flocks of pigeons and vultures swarmed about us to get at the water, and the Bedawin encamped at the foot of the mountain right opposite, and watched for an opportunity to attack us.

## BOY AND MAN:

A STORY FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE HAUNTED TOWER.

"The lonely tower

Is also shunned, whose mournful chambers hold,  
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost!"

—Thomson.

WE pass over a few weeks. John Armiger is no longer a new boy, and the school is no longer new to him. He has found out that it is neither so good as it was represented to him by his uncle, upon the testimony of Mr. Waddy, nor altogether so bad as his first impressions of it led him to believe. He has made one or two friends like-minded with himself, and a great many acquaintances whom he does not very much admire, but with whom he associates notwithstanding (as men do in the world), being attracted by some quality of entertainment or good-fellowship which they possess, or by some evident

\* Kufeiley was shot dead through the breast this spring, near Hums, by a peasant whom he was plundering.

liking or appreciation of himself on their part. The tenor of his way has been anything but even; the good resolutions which he formed before he left home have not been well kept at school; the compunction which at first followed any departure from them has become less and less painful; familiarity has taken away the sting from many an evil habit which had formerly been an offence to him; and if he has not become a partaker in the follies and wickednesses of his schoolfellows, he has at least learnt to hear of them and to witness them without that feeling of repugnance which they at first excited.

The holidays, which at the beginning of the half had seemed hopelessly remote, were now within appreciable distance. Already there were inscriptions to be seen upon the walls, "Only six weeks to the holidays!" Already boys had made for themselves calendars, with each day to come figured in its proper order, to be blotted out as soon as it was passed. Already they carried in their pockets sticks with notches cut in them, according to the number of the days which must elapse before the holidays, and, chipping off a notch each night, counted the rest with constantly-increasing pleasure, as if they did not know already the score that still remained. One consequence of all this hope and expectation was a better temper, a more genial and unselfish disposition among all classes of boys in the school; the elder and the younger were brought nearer together, and seemed to have more in common, though the impression was rather felt and understood than manifested or acknowledged. Spring, too, was advancing; the morning sun was shining in the heavens now before the great groaning bell upon the top of the house roused up the sleeping inmates. The primrose had begun to show its simple, ever-welcome face upon the banks and ditches; the wood anemone lighted up the dark fir woods on each side of the silent shadowy paths that traversed them. The grass was growing long in the play-field, and the sheep which had been turned in to keep it down, had lost their coats.

It was a very pleasant country round Cubbinghame. The boys did not see a great deal of it; but on half-holidays, and sometimes on a Sunday afternoon, they were allowed to walk out, under the care of Mr. Sprigg, and the sweet country sights and sounds seemed to take possession of their senses with a soothing influence, awakening old and tender memories in some, strange and incomprehensible yearnings in others, and doing good to all. To escape from such a world as the playground at Cubbinghame, where eighty or a hundred boys were pent up in a square gravelled yard, without supervision, and with little occupation or amusement, and to sit down quietly upon a shady bank, or to lean over a stile, with the green fields and the silent landscape for the eyes to rest upon; to hear the quivering song of the lark under the blue heaven, rising and falling, now nearer, now more distant, but always free and clear, and joyful; to feel oneself alone, and to think of those at home with whom these sights and sounds were shared a year ago, and may be shared again—this was a state of happiness, a "time with feeling fraught," which came to John Armiger and his schoolfellows once in a half-year, or twice perhaps at most, and left them better for it. There was, indeed, some sadness mingled with these sweet impressions; but even that was salutary; there was more of hope than of pain, more of promise than

reproof in the retrospect; and the effect of these sweet communings with nature in her calmest, happiest moods, was like that of music, the music of innocence and childhood, which "hath charms to soothe the savage breast, to soften rocks, and bend the stubborn oak."

The boundary wall of the playground at one end was low, and being built of rough stone, it was not difficult for the boys to clamber up and sit upon it, or even to run along the top of it, though, as there was a considerable descent on the other side, the feat was not altogether without danger. John Armiger used to find pleasure, when the day was warm, in sitting upon this wall, leaning against a buttress at one end, and looking over the landscape, or watching the squirrels as they ran up the spruce-trees, with which the hill-side was covered, or leapt from branch to branch. Here, one day, little Goodchild found him, and stood below, looking up wistfully at him.

"What's the matter, Willy?" said Armiger, for there were marks of tears upon his cheeks.

"Nothing," was the answer; "it's all right now, only I had a letter from home, from my sister."

"No bad news, I hope?"

"Oh, no; but before I had read it, Bootle snatched it out of my hand, and ran away with it; and he read it aloud to several of the boys, and made fun of it. It began with 'My darling Willy,' and ended with 'Nooney,' short for 'Susan,' you know; and he read it through, and they all laughed. I tried to snatch it from him, but he held it over his head, and pretended to sell it by auction, and gave it to another boy, and when I got angry they all pushed me about."

"Did they hurt you?" said Armiger, looking very red, and doubling his fists.

"Of course they did; but I wanted the letter, and I dare say I should never have had it again, but Mr. Sprigg came past, and I went and told him, and he made them give it up, and he set Bootle five hundred lines to write; and now Bootle says he'll pay me out for it; but I don't care about that; and they all called me a tell-tale, but I don't tell tales; only I wanted my letter." And he took the letter out of his pocket, and turned it over and over, and feasted his eyes upon it lovingly.

"It was a horrid shame! But never mind Bootle; come to me if he threatens you. Bootle ought to have another good licking, and I should not mind—"

"Oh, no; let him alone: I'm not afraid of him; he won't do anything. What a nice seat you have here, and what a pretty view; there's the river where the boys go to bathe in summer; and there's the church, and the clock with only one hand, and the orchard where the boys steal apples in the autumn; and there—oh, there's the haunted tower!"

"Do you believe in ghosts, Willy?"

"I don't know," he answered. "What everybody says must be true."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"Well, but you believe about the haunted tower, don't you?"

"No, I don't; at least, not all of it."

The tower in question was a dilapidated building, which had been built two or three centuries ago, probably as a dovecote. At a later date it had been used as a strong room, or cage, in which vagrants or criminals were locked up by the village constable until they could be brought before a



magistrate, or handed over to the proper authorities. Tradition held that on the last occasion of its being so used, the prisoner, a gipsy, who was accused of many crimes, and anticipated nothing better than hanging, had added one more crime to the list by hanging himself; and there were not wanting some among the villagers who declared that they had seen the face of this dead gipsy peering forth from one of the openings in the tower, and swaying to and fro with a strange unearthly motion, as if still suspended by the fatal cord. Strange cries and screams had also been heard proceeding from the tower, enough to freeze one's blood. Belief in this story so far prevailed that none would venture near the spot after dark, and as the building stood by itself, at some little distance from any road or footpath, there was nothing to lead them in that direction.

"I don't believe it," Armiger said, in reference to this story; "it may be true that a man committed suicide in the tower, but all the rest is false. What good would it do for a ghost to come back to such a place? What pleasure could it be to him, or to any one else, to show his pale face at the window? Besides, it's impossible."

"I don't like to think about it," little Goodchild answered. "Very likely what you say is true, but I'm always afraid in the dark; I always was—I can't help it. I think of such dreadful things, and see things in my dreams; and it's horrible, horrible. It's no use what anybody says, I should be afraid all the same if I did not believe in ghosts; the only thing that I like being at school for is that there are other boys in the same room, and I am never left alone after dark as I used to be at home."

"You're only a baby, after all, Willy," Armiger said, laughing.

"No, I'm not a baby. Even you wouldn't like to go to that tower in the dark by yourself. I don't believe you would dare to do it, brave as you are."

"In the dark, alone! Perhaps not; it would make me feel rather creepy, I dare say."

"Then you do believe it."

"No, I don't—not by daylight, at all events. But never mind the tower, look at the birds building instead; look at that squirrel, I wish I could catch it." They sat in silent enjoyment for a few minutes, and then the bell rang for dinner; they were quite ready for it after their usual light breakfast, and they descended and ran in at once.

A few days afterwards it was John Armiger's turn to receive a letter from home. Letters in those days were written on a single sheet of large paper, folded together so as to conceal the writing, and then fastened with a wafer or sealing-wax. Envelopes were never used, on account of the postage, a full rate being chargeable upon every separate piece of paper. John Armiger's letter had been opened before it was delivered to him; the wax had evidently been melted, for the paper was scorched, and the impression of the seal destroyed.

"Somebody has been at this," he said to himself, as he opened it; then reading, he exclaimed, "'Not had a letter for three weeks; anxious to hear how you are getting on!' Why, I wrote only last Saturday; my letters must have been stopped. I'll write again to-day, and post it in the village."

The writing was soon accomplished, but the posting was less easy. The boy carried his letter in his pocket till it was bent and soiled, but found no opportunity of taking it to the post-office; paper was

scarce or he would have rewritten it. He was looking at it anxiously one evening and thinking what he should do, when little Goodchild came loitering near him, as was his custom, on the watch for a kind look or word from his big friend.

Armiger thought of what the child had said about the little window. "Shall I let him take it?" thought he. "He would not be gone a minute; it is dusk, and there would be plenty of time before the bell rings. I do want to send the letter; and if he should be caught they would not punish him—I could say I made him go, and that it was my fault, not his."

The child seemed to guess what was passing in his mind, and ran up to him. "A letter!" he exclaimed. "I'll take it; do let me take it. There," he continued, throwing his ball through the open woodwork of the brewhouse, as if by accident, "I'll go in after my ball, and you can come in presently and lift me through the window."

It was all done in a few minutes; the letter was posted, and the little fellow pulled up from the road, without having been seen by any one.

"Now, Minimus," said Armiger, "don't do that again for anybody. It was a cowardly thing of me to let you go; if you had been caught and punished I could not have forgiven myself. Don't do it again, for me or anybody else."

"Oh, I often tib out like that," said the child; "I go for tarts and bull's-eyes and nelsons; and the fellows give me some for my trouble, so I like it."

"You may do it once too often," said Armiger; but he felt very glad, after all, that he had posted the letter.

At calling over that evening, just before supper, Goodchild minimus did not answer to his name. It was called out three times, and all eyes were directed to the place in which he was accustomed to sit, but no "Goodchild minimus" was there.

"Does anybody know anything about him?" the usher asked.

There was no answer; but one of the boys of his form said, on being questioned, that he had not been in his place all the evening, and they supposed he was in the nursery, or gone to bed ill, or something. Inquiry was made in the house, but he had not been seen there since morning. The thought occurred to John Armiger that he might possibly have been sent out again through the little window, and his return by some accident or other intercepted. He went down at once to the playground, and finding the brewhouse door still unlocked, passed through it to the window next the road, and thrusting out his head as far as he could, called "Willy! Willy!" but there was no reply. Presently he heard footsteps—not those of a child, but slow and heavy as of a labourer returning from his work.

"Who's there?" said a voice, which Armiger thought he recognised. "What's the matter?"

It was Berry, the carrier, with whom most of the boys were acquainted, as he was often in the playground bringing parcels, or doing odd jobs in Mr. Bearward's garden; and it was his wife who kept the cake shop. Armiger asked him if he had seen anything of Goodchild in the village.

"Yes, I seed him," said Berry, "about a hour ago."

It was more than two hours since John had helped the child in through the window, therefore he now

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felt sure that he had been sent out again upon another errand.

"Where was he?" he asked.

"He came to our shop with two other boys. Bootle was one of them; they had been out on leave, I suppose, but they did not stop long."

"Don't you know where they went?"

"Went home, I suppose; leastways, to school."

It was strange; Bootle's name, being among the B's, had been called out before "Goodchild," and he had answered to it. Armiger went back at once, and on his way to the schoolroom met Bootle running stealthily along in the corridor.

"What have you done with little Goodchild?" he asked.

"I don't know anything about him," was the answer; "how should I?"

"It's a lie; he was last seen with you in the village. Where did you leave him?"

"Mind your own business," said Bootle; and another boy, named Hawkes, coming up at the moment, they both tried to push past him.

"You shall not pass," said Armiger, catching hold of Bootle, "till you tell me where you left him."

A struggle ensued, Hawkes assisting Bootle, and some blows were exchanged; but Armiger kept his hold firmly.

"Tell me where he is," he cried, "or I'll call Mr. Sprigg this moment."

"Well, be quiet; swear you won't tell anybody."

"Out with it," cried Armiger, impatiently; "some bullying work of yours, I know."

"He went with us to the spinney, to look at a fox's hole."

"What spinney?"

"At the bottom of the playground."

"By the haunted tower? You don't mean that?"

"Why, yes; but—"

"And you ran away and left him there?"

"Only for a bit of fun."

"In the spinney? Not in the tower itself?"

Neither of the boys answered.

"Tell me."

"We did not shut the door, and we went back afterwards to look for him, and he was gone; he's not there now. Don't tell of us, it was only in fun."

Feelings of indignation swelled his breast and were expressed in words which John Armiger himself would have been shocked to hear if any one else had uttered them a month ago, but which broke from his own lips now in the vehemence of his alarm and anger. Even while he spoke he turned from the spot, and ran with all his speed down to the low wall at the bottom of the playground. He scaled it in an instant, and then dropped from it on the other side, rolling over and over upon the ground; but he was quickly on his feet again, unhurt, and hastened towards the tower. "Willy," he cried, as he approached; "where are you, Willy?" but there was no answer. Only a large owl came flying from the upper window and swept clumsily past him. The door was open—he had never been so close to it before—and the moon was shining, but all within was dark and silent. He stepped cautiously in, but fell forward as he did so, the floor of the building being below the level of the ground, and the steps down to it broken and slippery. Recovering himself, he peered anxiously around him, calling as before. He saw nothing, heard nothing; yes, there was something white upon the ground. He laid his hand upon it—it was soft

and cold. "Willy! oh, Willy, is it you?" It was indeed Willy, to all appearance lifeless, stretched upon the cold, damp soil.

#### CHAPTER IX.—CONSEQUENCES.

"From the body of one guilty deed  
A thousand ghostly fears and haunting thoughts proceed."  
—Wordsworth.

ARMIGER knelt down beside the poor, unconscious boy, and took him up carefully in his arms, then rose and carried him, stumbling up the broken steps, and through the spinney towards the village. He stopped more than once to rest, and to call aloud for help, and was answered after some time by a cottager, who hastened to meet him. The man's wife stood at the door with a candle (oh, welcome candle!); and they carried the child in, and laid him down upon a table. His teeth were firmly set, and there was a thin froth about his lips; his eyes were closed, but his heart still beat, and there was life in him. The man went immediately for the doctor, who lived near, and Armiger and the woman sat and chafed his cold hands until he came.

"A fit," he said. "But what does the child do here?" A brief explanation was sufficient. Poor little Goodchild was carried home, and put to bed, still insensible, in the nursery.

"You needn't stop here," said Mrs. Baggerly to John; "we can manage without you."

John looked at the doctor; "I found him, sir," he said; "let me stay with him till he is better; he has been frightened into this."

"Has he a brother, or any other relative in the school?"

"He has two cousins; but they are big boys, and don't take any notice of him."

"Let him have one of his young companions to see him; some familiar face that he is fond of, if there be any in this place, to look upon when he comes to," said the doctor.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Baggerly; "I'll send for some one, but they're all gone to bed to-night."

"He liked me as well as anybody," said Armiger, with a sob; "he would rather have me near him than any of the other boys, I think; do let me stay."

"Well, my boy, you shall stay; Mrs. Baggerly will make up a bed for you in the room, and call you when you're wanted. I shall remain with him myself for the present."

Mr. Bearward came in to see the patient, much distressed and shocked. Even Mrs. Bearward looked in for a few minutes, though in a highly nervous state, and shivering with terror. "How horrible!" she cried. "I can't bear to look at him! Oh, that dreadful tower! Poor little child, I wonder what he saw there. Are the shutters shut in my room? Betty, shut all the shutters directly, and bring me some sal volatile."

Mrs. Bearward had no children of her own, or she would perhaps have learnt to restrain her nervous sensibilities, instead of adding to the general trepidation by her foolish and selfish conduct.

For several hours poor little Goodchild continued quite unconscious. John Armiger lay upon his makeshift bed without taking off his clothes, for the doctor wished him to be ready to show himself to the little patient in the aspect which had been most familiar to him. Soon after midnight there was a change; the child moved, opened his eyes, uttered a

faint cry, and closed them again. Armiger went to him, sat upon his bed, and took him by the hand; again his eyes opened, and he sat up; then he grasped John's hand and arm convulsively, hid his face upon his breast, and screamed out, "Save me—save me—oh, the face! the face!"

Armiger spoke to him soothingly, called him by his name, "Willy, dear Willy," that name by which he had scarcely ever been addressed by any one since he left home, and whispered kind, loving words to him.

It was of little use. "The face—the face!" he muttered—"Oh, save me—Our Father which art" . . . and then his poor limbs were again convulsed, and another fit possessed him. And so it went on through the night; one fit succeeded another, until at length, as morning dawned, he lay quietly asleep, breathing more naturally, and giving reason to hope that the worst was over.

"Will he live, sir?" John Armiger had often asked of the doctor; "will he recover?"

"I hope so," was the answer; "but it's a terrible shock; sad consequences might ensue; he will need great care and tenderness for a long time to come. Who did this wicked thing?"

"It will all be found out, I suppose," said Armiger; "leave it to the masters, they will inquire about it, of course."

"They must—they shall," said Mr. Hartwell, resolutely; "there has been too much of this cowardly, brutal work. It must be put a stop to."

Then the doctor took his leave, promising to return in the course of three or four hours; and John Armiger, wearied out with many conflicting emotions, lay down upon his bed, and presently fell asleep.

The events of the night were not generally known among the boys in the dormitories until next day. They knew only that Goodchild minimus was lost, and that Armiger had gone in search of him. There was a rumour also that he had been found, and brought home. Many and various were the speculations indulged in in the several dormitories as to his disappearance, and it was late before the boys ceased talking, and dropped off, one by one, to sleep. Some said that Goodchild minimus had made an attempt to run away from school, and had been recaptured. Several of the boys had run away at different times, and had been brought back again; and one of them who had tried to do so repeatedly was even then wearing a heavy log of wood chained to his leg, which he was condemned to drag about the playground with him, by way of rendering him more happy and contented with his lot at Cubbinghame. Others thought that Minimus had been tugging out for farts, and had been knocked down by highwaymen, and robbed of his purchases; there was a great deal about highwaymen in the papers at that time, and why should they not come to Cubbinghame as well as to Hounslow? Chalk was certain he had heard the doctor's voice in the passage; and he ought to know, he should think, for didn't he come to see him when he had those broken chilblains as big as his hand? Everybody knew that it was dangerous to go out after dark in some places, and it was a pity all the highwaymen were not hanged. Then there were tales told of robbers going about in bands, on horseback, with captains over them, and black masks upon their faces, and great horse-pistols in their holsters, so that little

Goodchild minimus would not have much chance against them—"Would he, you know?"

The boys in dormitories one, two, and three were particularly excited, for it was certain that Armiger had not yet gone to bed, and he would have to pass through the two former rooms in order to reach the third, so they would be able to find out all about it when he came. They agreed, therefore, to keep each other awake by telling stories; but it need not be said that the stories all came to end without his appearing.

There were two boys, however, in that third dormitory who, though they joined but little in the conversation, lay awake longer than any of the rest, and listened through the greater part of that long night for any sound within the house, or out of it. The distant creaking of a door, the flashing of a light in the playground, the sound of a footstep on the gravel, caused them to rise up in bed and hold their breath, and look through the darkness at each other, and then shrink down again, with beating hearts, under the bedclothes, wishing for the morning, and yet dreading it with terrible suspense.

If one of them dropped off to sleep for a few minutes, he would wake up again with a vague sense of terror, and remembering in a moment all that had passed, would look eagerly towards Armiger's bed, or get up and lay his hands upon it, to find out whether its occupant had returned to it. But no, he was not there! Something dreadful must have happened. Was Goodchild found? and if so, in what condition? or was Armiger also lost? If there had been any one there to tell them, they would hardly have found courage to inquire. Armiger was the only person who knew that these two boys, Bootle and Hawkes major, were implicated in this dreadful business. Would he come back? Would he betray them if he did? Such thoughts passed through their minds, each lying restless on his bed, yet they dared not even whisper to one another of their hopes and fears, lest they should be overheard by one or other of the boys around them.

In justice to these unhappy youths, it shall here be stated what was the real extent of their culpability. Bootle and Hawkes major had been out on leave by favour of one of the masters, who had given them a commission to execute for him at Bedworth. They were returning from their walk as it was getting dark, and met with Goodchild in the village at Mr. Berry's shop. Bootle owed the child a grudge, as he said, and knowing his timidity in the dark, and his dread of anything supernatural, proposed to Hawkes to have some fun with him. They persuaded the child that it would be impossible for him to return to the playground through the brewhouse, as it was always locked soon after dark. The poor boy was alarmed, and wanted to go back immediately and make the attempt, but they detained him. At length, pretending to take pity on him, they proposed to take him round by the spinney and help him over the wall, which they said could be easily climbed by means of the ivy. The little fellow gladly assented, and felt very much obliged to them, though he did not at all like the idea of passing so near the haunted tower; but they took him between them, one holding either hand, and hastened towards the spinney. As they were passing the tower, Willy looking away from it with all his eyes, suddenly a hand was laid upon his mouth to prevent his screaming, and he felt himself dragged

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in the direction of the dreaded spot. He struggled, but in vain; the door of the building was open, and the cruel boys, themselves half terrified at what they were doing, pushed him towards it, with more force perhaps than either of them separately was aware of, and then ran away. Poor little Goodchild fell headlong down the broken steps, and, paralysed with horror rather than disabled by the fall, could not rise, nor make any effort to escape from the dreadful spot. What happened to him afterwards we have no means of knowing. It was true, however, that the cruel perpetrators of this deed, finding that he did not follow them in their flight, took counsel together and crept back to the tower, peering into it and calling him by name. He did not answer them, and they could see no signs of him, so they concluded that he had run away as they did, though in a different direction; and leaving him to find his way as best he might, returned home well satisfied with their exploit. They were as much alarmed as Armiger, when it was known that Goodchild minimus was not present to answer to his name; for certainly they had not intended to be guilty of so great a cruelty as to leave him in the tower. It was not their fault, they argued with themselves, as they lay trembling in their beds; whatever misfortune had happened to the child would probably be visited on them, but it was not their doing. There was small comfort in the thought. They were to be pitied, indeed, that the consequences of their cruelty and folly had turned out so much more serious than they had anticipated, but they were not the less responsible. We cannot foresee the evils which may befall us, even when we keep strictly and carefully to the path of duty; but whatever accidents happen then, we can generally find support and comfort under them; but in wrong doing, an error in judgment may aggravate or give occasion for a crime, and every unforeseen incident may heap up a load of sorrow and remorse to last a lifetime.

John Armiger did not hear the bell ring that morning, but slept till breakfast time. Mrs. Baggerly was gone to bed, and Betty, who had been in and out during the greater part of the night, but was not supposed to have "sat up," had taken her place by little Goodchild's bedside. He was still asleep, but opened his eyes while Armiger was standing near, and looked up at him, and smiled. Then a troubled, fearful expression passed over his face, and he turned anxiously from side to side. It was broad daylight, and there was nothing to recall the terror of the previous night. Armiger stooped down, and kissed the child; Betty had kissed him many times already in his sleep, and it may be that, although apparently unconscious of it, it had done him good. Now John kissed him, and the little boy kissed him again; and as he would not let him go, John lay down by his side upon the bed. He was still lying there when Mrs. Baggerly returned.

"Well," she said, "you've got a bed of your own to lie on, I should think you might be satisfied with that; and it's time you were getting up and going to your schooling. I'm sure I don't know what you have been here for all the night."

Armiger let go Willy's hand, and would have risen, but the child clung to him eagerly, and presently the doctor entered.

"Lie still," he said. So Mrs. Baggerly was vanquished. Mr. Hartwell sat down quietly by the bedside, and watched his little patient, speaking to

him now and then in a low voice very kindly, but the boy took no notice of him. His eyes kept moving restlessly, and never seemed to dwell for a moment upon anything. Now and then his lips trembled, as if he would have spoken, and there was an occasional twitching of his face and limbs. At length the doctor rose and left him, desiring that he might not be disturbed, and that everything should be done to soothe and humour him, but quietly, and only as he should give occasion for it by his own looks or gestures. Armiger stayed with him, and was a close prisoner for two or three hours, until, under the influence of some medicine which Mr. Hartwell had administered, the little sufferer fell asleep.

## Varieties.

**DECIVILISATION.**—There is much in the whole history of Genesis to convince us that civilisation was not a thing of growth in any country from a state of barbarism, but that there was an aboriginal civilisation coeval with the knowledge of the true God, and which declined in proportion as that knowledge was obscured. The progress of this matter has been the reverse of what is very commonly imagined. The civilisation degenerated along with the enlightened religion of the people; and there is great probability in the assertion—that never did it spontaneously arise from a state of barbarism in any land; but wherever it existed it was imported from abroad.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

**EDITORIAL EXPERIENCE.**—"Good-natured editing," says some wise man, "spoils half our newspapers." Yea, verily. "Will you please publish the poetry I send," says one, "it is my first effort;" and some crude lines go in, to encourage budding genius. "Our church is in great peril," says another; "will you publish our appeal?" and a long and dolorous plea is inserted. "My father took your paper for twenty years," writes another; "I think you ought to publish the resolutions passed by the session of Big Brake church when he died," and in go resolutions of no interest to a majority of the readers. "I am particularly anxious that the views I present should go before the church this week," and out go a covey of small, pithy contributions, to make room for three columns from a ponderous D.D. "There is an immediate necessity for the exposure of one who is a bitter enemy to the truth," writes another, as he sends an attack upon an antagonist that will fill an entire page. "I am about to publish a book, identifying the Great Image of brass, iron, and clay, and I would be obliged to you to publish the advanced sheets of the fifth chapter, which I herewith enclose to you." "Why do you not publish in full R——'s great speech in the General Assembly? it would increase your circulation largely." "If you will publish the sermon I transmit to you, I will take eight extra copies!" "The church must be aroused on the subject of Foreign Missions," says a pastor, as he forwards the half of his last Sabbath's sermon. And the ladies—with their sweet smiles and sweet voices—the good-natured editor surrenders to them at once, and they go away happy, utterly unconscious that they have helped to spoil the paper.—*The Presbyterian, U.S.*

**WEATHER NOTES.**—A correspondent writes:—"Perhaps the following Spanish version of the 'borrowing days' superstition, referred to in the March 'Leisure Hour,' is worthy of note, as found in Hare's Wanderings in Spain: For the last few days of March (1872) it was very wet and stormy. They say it is always so in Spain, and concerning this there is an old Spanish story. A shepherd once said to March that if he would behave well he would make him a present of a lamb. March promised to deserve it, and conducted himself admirably. When he was going out he asked the shepherd for the promised lamb; but the sheep and the lambs were so very beautiful that the shepherd, considering that only three days of restraint remained to March, answered that he would not give it to him. 'You will not give it to me?' said March; 'then you do not recollect that in the three days which remain to me, and three days which my comrade April will lend to me, your sheep will need to bring forth their young;' and for six days the

rain and cold was so terrible that all the sheep and all the lambs died." The following miscellaneous notes on rain may also be interesting: "In some parts of Germany, it is said, 'If it rains while the sun shines, a tailor has gone to heaven.'" In Weir's Indian Superstitions we read: "In all the Island, rain at a funeral, or on the day of a man's burial, is thought a good sign about him. The old superstition expressed in the saying, 'Blessed is the dead that the rain rains on,' prevails here, as in Europe." In St. Croix "it is the belief that the baptism of children ought always to be performed with rain-water." The explanation was given me simply enough by a man, "'Tis all rain-water does come down from heaven!" One would like to deal tenderly with such a poetical superstition. In St. Croix it is terrible only to open an umbrella over your head in a house; a sure way to bring trouble either on yourself or on some one in that house. It may be added that the Papuans consider rain a bad omen; and a proposed journey would if it rained be postponed, else somebody, it is inferred, would sicken or die.—W. G. B.

**CHANNEL PASSAGE.**—Mr. John Leighton, in a letter to the "Times," thus described the Channel passage as it is, and as it might be:—"On board the boat you seek the cabin, and find the first-class passengers in a warm, unsavoury odour, packed like herrings in a barrel, while at the fore, though fewer and fresher, there is a cabin stove that smokes. You then try the deck, which, though well 'holy-stoned' and bright, is covered with smuts, while spots of condensed steam descend in big rain drops. As an old traveller, perhaps, you consult the wind, and note the 'lumpy' sea outside, finally deciding to *pose* yourself in the middle deck under the bridge, where possibly you escape the great volume of water breaking over the paddle-box, and encased in an oilskin cape—the loan of which has cost you one shilling—you prepare to defy the elements and take your nausea like a martyr. Once out at sea, a little of the odour disappears before the driving gale, but the engines grind and creak, and the vessel tumbles, and lunges, and rolls until *mal de mer* ensues. You have defied the water from above, but to escape that floating about the deck you possibly mount the grating over the engine, until the engineer objects to your blocking his fresh air. Arrived at Boulogne, the defile up the 'chicken ladder' begins again. The ticket-collector takes your ticket out of your mouth, for both your hands are full. You have had a speedy passage and a safe one, but that is all; in place of what might have been a pleasure, you have been in a species of purgatory. With a fast twin boat, and first-rate organisation, the middle passage might be a pleasurable transit. There being no paddle-boxes, you could walk on board. The breadth of beam would insure dryness, and the Customs could do all their work in transit, while passengers promenaded the ample space at pleasure. With a perfectly organised service, such as we may some day see, with every convenience carefully studied, London and Paris may be brought within eight hours of each other. The carriages for the Continental route should have a free passage from end to end, and the pontoon-bridge free water-way through it, and there should be but three stoppages—the sea, the shore, and the destination. Perfect organisation will some day give us this, and for all hindrance it might be to-morrow." The experiments of the last year, if not a complete success, show at least how much more might be done by an energetic administration of present means.

**IRELAND SINCE THE FAMINE.**—How different now is the state of Ireland from what it was before 1846! Political troubles, indeed, survive; a few signs of agrarian disturbance exist, and in all that constitutes material well-being there is still room for no little improvement. The progress of Ireland has not been so rapid in the last ten years as it promised to be; her agriculture is still backward; the mud cabin still too often marks the presence on the soil of the pauper occupier; the peasantry in Munster and Connaught still rely too much upon the potato. But, compared with the period before the famine, Ireland is a land of plenty and happiness; and there is abundant evidence that this prosperity will steadily advance with the march of time. Society in the island no longer rests on foundations utterly false and unstable; it no longer depends on a treacherous root; it is not now ever on the verge of an abyss, removed only a step from ruin. The legislation of 1847-50 has borne great and beneficent fruit; the Poor Law system has developed its results, and while property is compelled to support poverty, it keeps down its perilous growth. The discipline of the Encumbered Estates Court has made the upper classes frugal and prudent, and the Land Act of 1870 will, we hope, improve landed relations and encourage husbandry. These reforms have done much to control pauperism, to augment

wealth, and to promote industry; yet their effects would have been little without the removal of the redundant population from the land through the immense emigration of the last twenty years. This, we repeat, has been the great gain of Ireland since 1846-7; it has relieved the country from a burden beyond the resources of a far richer nation; it has freed society from a most serious danger; it has made real agriculture possible, and liberated the soil from a fatal mortmain; and it has done more than anything else to raise the condition of Irishmen abroad and at home. We shall not argue with those who contend that the Irish exodus was a calamity to which statesmen should look with regret; and it is nothing to the purpose that in a different state of society from that of 1844-5 Ireland might have supported her teeming millions without imperilling the whole community. The general results of this revolution have been gratifying in the extreme, and they are visible in every part of the island and in the relations of all classes. The wealth of Ireland has enormously increased since 1846; her rental has risen at least one-fourth; the profits of farming have probably doubled; the wages of labour have in places trebled; and, tried by every conceivable test, her history has been one of decisive progress. The happiest change of all, certainly, has been in the aspect of the peasantry; the misery of the past has almost disappeared; corn has largely replaced the potato as food; and you meet looks of health and content where all had been degraded wretchedness. If the famine was a terrible visitation, it has been ultimately a source of welfare; and in this, as in other instances, Providence has caused good to grow out of evil.—*Times*.

**A NOBLE FELLOW.**—Tom Baird, the carter, the beadle of my working man's church, was as noble a fellow as ever lived—God-fearing, true, unselfish. I shall never forget what he said when I asked him to stand at the door of the working man's congregation, and when I thought he was unwilling to do so in his working clothes. "If," said I, "you don't like to do it, Tom; if you are ashamed—" "Ashamed!" he exclaimed, as he turned round upon me. "I'm mair ashamed o' yersel', sir. Div ye think that I believe, as ye ken I do, that Jesus Christ, who died for me, was stripped o' his raiment on the cross, and that I— Na, na, I'm proud to stand at the door." Dear, good fellow! There he stood for seven winters, without a sixpence of pay; all from love, though at my request the working congregation gave him a silver watch. When he was dying from smallpox, the same unselfish nature appeared. When asked if they would let me know, he replied, "There's nae man leevin' I like as I do him. I know he would come. But he shouldna' come on account of his wife and bairns, and so ye maunna' tell him!" I never saw him in his illness, never hearing of his danger till it was too late.—*Life of Dr. Norman Macleod*.

**CABMAN'S HORSE.**—One day a cabman brought to Mr. Bartlett an old grey horse which he wanted to sell because it was too slow for his work. It was a good horse, sound in wind and limb, and the man might have sold it for a fair price, only, being much attached to it, he could not find in his heart to condemn it to the service of a possibly unsympathetic master. Mr. Bartlett saw that the horse had a good many years work in it yet, and, while agreeing to give £2 for it to kill forthwith, he offered double the price if the owner would agree to sell it for service in the rubbish-cart. On the consideration that he might see the horse whenever he pleased, and convince himself that it was being well-treated, the cabman closed with this offer. For six years the horse worked in the gardens, and, without a single omission through all that period, the cabman and his wife visited the gardens every Sunday, and spent some time in the company of the horse. Last year signs of approaching dissolution becoming unmistakable, the old grey horse was killed, and the cabman and his wife, declining the melancholy satisfaction of seeing it eaten by the lions and tigers, beheld it no more.—*Daily News*.

**THE BIBLE IN BOARD SCHOOLS.**—The London School Board inspectors, Mr. Noble and Mr. Ricks, have published their report, in which Mr. Noble speaks of religious education as follows:—"As a rule, Bible training is divided between the head and assistant teachers; in some cases the senior pupil teachers are necessarily employed in this work. With respect to the character of the instruction, extended observation has strengthened the opinion expressed in my last report, that it is as thorough and as reverentially imparted in board schools as in voluntary schools. That there is practically no religious difficulty is proved by the fact that out of nearly 60,000 children on the books of the schools under my inspection, only twenty-eight have been withdrawn from Bible instruction, of whom seventeen are the children of Hebrew parents."